The Lottery Madness.

A North side doctor was overheard to make this remark: "Sewer gas is not the only thing which makes people sick in this city." The observation which followed was the one which startled reportorial curiosity and put it on the alert. It was this: "I have patients who will never get well unless fortune knocks at their doors and is admitted. The people who are most eager for wealth, I find, are those who are trying the old Scotch proverb that fortune does knock once at every man's door. These are the people who are suffering from nervous afflictions. The men who go out and make fortune shell out to them are not nervous. They are the men who knock down obstacles and shake up scarecrows. I have no patients of that sort."

Then the matter-of-fact man of medicine told a story about some of his patients, in which he was sufficiently professional to mention no names. He said that the picture of the shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail was not more melancholy to him than a certain lady he had in his mind, who was waiting to draw the capital prize in every drawing which took place. Fond of society, and accustomed to the rustle of its fashion as she had been, she had chosen to take what income was hers and invest it in this game of chance. In her earlier years a daily guest at a table which was crowded with epicures, her larder is now scanty, and she simply purchases the simplest and cheapest food she can get, using the surplus money in the purchase of lottery tickets. With an eye for the beautiful in art, she has disposed of paintings and statuary which were transmitted to her, and with the proceeds has invested in lottery tickets in every scheme which came to her attention. A lover of jewels to a degree that at one time became a mad passion, she has sold them one by one, down to a plain gold wedding ring, in order that she may buy more lottery tickets. Infatuated with everything which was musical at one time in her life, she has sold her lute, her guitar and her piano, and used the money in the purchase of lottery tickets. Once the possessor of a well-selected library and fond of literature, she has sold her books one by one, until now the shelves of her libary are stored with lottery tickets, lottery advertisements, and lottery drawings. She has always come within one of drawing the coveted prize and no argument, even when it comes in the skeleton shape of penury, can persuade her that she will not be the winner at the next drawing that occurs.

"I have been interested while I have been pained," said the good old doctor, "at this patient of mine when I sat by her, when she had come within one of obtaining the coveted prize. The other day when I called on her she told me that she had just missed drawing a $10,000 prize. Then, with language which was charming, she proceeded to relate to me what she intended to do if she had succeeded. What a labyrinth of fancy she journeyed through I will never forget. She had selected certain patterns which were elaborate and costly. She had planned travels and laid out entertainments which were gorgeous. She had put aside a certain sum which was to be invested in government bonds, and also put aside a purse for the benefit of certain friends of hers, whom I happen to know are better fixed financially to-day than she is—or ever will be, I am afraid. I question very much whether she would ever enjoy a fortune, if it came to her, as fully as she enjoys the contemplation of it. Up to within a few days of one of these drawings she is full of life; the flush of health comes back on her cheek; her eyes are full of the sparkle of anticipation; her very step is regal, and she is the picture of grace. The day after she sinks almost to a stupor and refuses food or solace. What is the use of medicine to a woman like this? I can resuscitate her sooner by saying that there is to be another drawing soon than by anything I can get from the realm of materia medica."

It was further learned that this patient has won her husband over to pursue with eagerness this phantom of hope. He labors incessantly, and turns his earnings into her hands, and she turns them over to the lottery agents, who come to her as regularly as the husband draws his salary. The most singular phase of these characters is that they will not listen to any argument against this flimsy chance, which takes in everything and seldom gives up anything. They believe it is legitimate. They dress plainly and beggarly in order to buy tickets in the lottery. Not long ago one of their children died, and this came about from neglect. The mother told the physician, as her little one was taken away to Graceland: "I am sorry to put her away in so mean a casket, but when we draw the capital prize, as I know we shall, she will have the costliest shaft in the cemetery." In every other respect these people are the models of morality. The husband neither drinks or gambles. Five years ago the wife was the most magnetic attraction in the social circle of which she was a member, and her marriage was of sufficient moment to occupy a column of one of the large dailies of this city. She has never drawn a prize.—*Chicago News.*

Mount Vernon of To-Day.

During the months of October and November, the average number of visitors to Mount Vernon is larger than at any other time, says a Washington correspondent. Never is the quaint and beautiful old homestead lovelier than in the autumn. It was in 1858 that Col. John Washington saw that Mount Vernon would have to go by the auctioneer's hammer if something did not turn up. And here comes in the romance of Mount Vernon. A woman, who had been a confirmed invalid since her nineteenth year, raised a fund of $200,000, and embodied a plan that gave Mount Vernon to the nation. This was Anne Parmelia Cunningham, of South Carolina. She was an only and indulged daughter. In her childhood she had visited Mount Vernon, or rather the project took hold of her. It is one of the most singular instances of indomitable energy and practical perseverance recorded. This frail woman, from her sick-bed, aroused an enthusiasm, especially among Southern women, that resulted in a splendid success. She inspired Edward Everett with her spirit, and his lecture on Washington poured money into the treasury. She interested Mme. Le Vert and Mrs. Cora Mowatt Ritchie, and in 1860 it was accomplished; the house, the tomb of Washington, and 200 acres of land belonged to a National association. The Legislature of Virginia granted a very sensible charter to the association. The capital stock was limited to $500,000. It was granted in perpetuity, and no disposition of the property could be made without the consent of the Legislature. None of the Washington family thereafter were to be interred at Mount Vernon, and the key of the vault was thrown into the Potomac River. Around the marble tombs of George and Martha Washington is a wooden flooring, which, if stepped upon, starts an electric alarm at the house. Through the open ironwork one looks into the brick vault, where there are only the two tombs. "Hats off" is the stringent rule at the grave; even the most flippant are awed into something like reverence. During some of the bloodiest days of the war Mount Vernon was treated as neutral ground, and soldiers of both armies were seen fraternizing under the trees that guard the tomb. Frequent desecration cannot destroy the interest of the house. Year by year improvements are made by the Regents. As far as practicable, every State has a room, ornamented with relics of revolutionary times, arranged in the style that prevailed at Mount Vernon during the lifetime of Gen. Washington. Hanging in the entrance hall is the key of the bastile, sent to Washington by Lafayette; and over the door of what is called the state dining-room is Washington's field-glass, placed on its perch by the hand of Washington himself, and never since removed. The mantel and hearth in the dining-room are of marble and extremely curious. They were sent to Washington from France. On the way the ship bearing the gift was captured by pirates. When they found that this marble was intended for Washington they took an opportunity of landing it on American shores, and it was forwarded to Mount Vernon. In the South Carolina room hangs the portrait of Anne Parmelia Cunningham. She has a refined and thoughtful face, with deep, meaning eyes. The attic room which Mrs. Washington chose after Gen. Washington's death, and in which she died, is in almost the identical condition in which she left it. In a quaint little drawing-room—Nelly Custis' drawing-room—is the grand harpsicord, as large as a modern grand piano, which Washington gave her as a wedding gift. This was the grandniece of Mrs. Washington, not her daughter Nelly, who died unmarried at 22. In the grounds stands a rosebush, where, tradition relates, Nelly Custis received her first offer, and walking around this rosebush six times brings every young lady who believes in the spell an offer of marriage within the year. The place is managed upon the most practical plan. The greenhouses are made a source of revenue as well as the farm. Only one boat is allowed to land passengers there, and the entrance fee of $1 foots up handsomely at the end of the year. In the old-fashioned kitchen a very good lunch may be obtained, served by colored waiters. A superintendent is employed, who keeps the place in good order, and if the General and Mrs. Martha could return for an hour, no doubt they would smile approvingly.—*Washington Post.*

The Discovery of the Mammoth.

The banks of that great Northern Siberian river, the Lena, are quite peculiar. Those on the western side are generally low and marshy, while those on the eastern are often from sixty to one hundred feet in height. In the extreme north, this high elevation is cut into numerous pyramidal-shaped mounds, which are formed of layers of earth and ice—sometimes a clear stratum of the latter many feet in thickness.

It was before such a mound that a fisherman stopped, dumb with astonishment, one spring morning, many years ago. About thirty feet above him, half-way up the face of the mound, appeared the section of a great ice layer, from which the water was flowing in numberless streams; while protruding from it, and partly hanging over, was an animal of such huge proportions that the simple fisherman could hardly believe his eyes. Two gigantic horns or tusks were visible, and a great woolly body was faintly outlined in the blue, icy mass. In the fall, he related the story to his comrades up the river, and in the ensuing spring, with a party of his fellow fisherman, he again visited the spot. A year had worked wonders. The great mass had thawed out sufficiently to show its nature, and on closer inspection proved to be a well-preserved specimen of one of those gigantic extinct hairy elephants that roamed over the northern parts of Europe and America in the earlier ages of the world. The body was still too firmly attached and frozen to permit of removal. For four successive years the fishermen visited it, until finally, in March, 1804, five years after its original discovery, it broke away from its icy bed and came thundering down upon the sands below. The discoverers first detached the tusks, that were nine feet six inches in length, and together weighed three hundred and sixty pounds. The hide, covered with wool and hair, was more than twenty men could lift. Part of this, with the tusks, were taken to Jakutsk and sold for fifty rubles, while the rest of the animal was left where it fell, and cut up at various times by the Jakoutes, who fed their dogs with its flesh. A strange feast this, truly—meat that had been frozen solid in the ice-house of Nature perhaps fifty thousand years, more or less; but so well was it preserved that, when the brain was afterward compared with that of a recently killed animal, no difference in the tissue could be detected.

Two years after the animal had fallen from the cliff, the news reached St. Petersburg, and the Museum of Natural History sent a scientist to secure a specimen and purchase it for the Emperor. He found the massive skeleton entire, with the exception of one fore leg. The tusks were repurchased in Jakutsk, and the great frame was taken to St. Petersburg and there mounted.—*C. F. Holder, in St. Nicholas.*

—Pearl fishing is pursued by about 1,000 divers on the coast of Lower California. The pearl oysters are found from one to six miles from shore, in water from one to twenty fathoms deep. The yearly product is about $500,000.

—The cost of feeding the convicts in the West Virginia Penitentiary during the past two years has been twelve and a half cents a day.

Farmers and Insect Pests.

The tide appears to be turning in favor of the cultivators of the soil in the great battle which they unceasingly wage against the ravages of a multitude of destructive insect enemies. Too long were these scourges viewed in the light of supernatural punishments, or the inflictions of unappeasable fate. Yet the doctrine that every living thing comes from an egg or germ is proved to be as perfectly applicable in this as in any other region of biology. And now he would be a bold man who would assert, in the face of facts, that some knowledge of entomology was undesirable for a farmer. Science and practice should go hand in hand. The middle-aged farmer in many cases probably regrets that his education in chemistry, entomology and botany was so limited, seeing that many of the facts which experience, dearly bought, has taught him fall within one or other of those sciences. And if he is wise he will encourage his sons and all who study farming to acquire as much of the sciences bearing on agriculture as they can in their youth, while not neglecting or undervaluing the practical detail and drudgery which build up the true farmer as distinguished from the amateur. There can be no final satisfaction for farmers in connection with the insects which damage their crops, until every phase in their life-histories is comprehended. Our knowledge of these must be derived from two sources—the farmers who in various localities and under various aspects meet with the grubs, chrysalids and full grown insects, and the scientific entomologist who can compare and sift the material and information supplied to him. To get at the truth, before all things, it is necessary to have accurate observations; an entire research may be vitiated by carelessness in the record of the first fact. Young farmers should make a point of cultivating accuracy, and they will find that their crops are the better for it. A good habit pays for the trouble it costs to form it, in many an unseen as well as perceptible way. The pocket note-book, well used, should be an inseparable companion of the farmer who would know what he has really seen and who is able to give trustworthy particulars to others. Not only the life-histories of injurious insects must be studied and their habits ascertained, but their relations to weather and all external conditions must be explored. It is by no means the case that cold kills and heat favors all insect life. It cannot be too much insisted on that each form has its own peculiarities, and until a sufficient number of facts have been accumulated about each we cannot be said to be in a sound position. The relative amounts of moisture accompanying the heat or cold have important effects on insect life. Wet in the form of heavy rain appears to wash off or destroy many grubs exposed on leaves, while damp ground and damp grass favor and encourage other forms. As to the remedies applicable to prevent the recurrence of insect plagues, or to check them speedily when they do occur, it cannot be said that we have advanced very far. Yet it is undeniable that good agriculturists have found benefit from the prompt application of lime, of diluted gasworks liquor, of diluted petroleum, of salt, and various mixtures to the ground or to the plants infested. Details of these are given in Miss Ormerod's annual reports on injurious insects, which all farmers should supply themselves with. In the case of the turnip-fly or flea-beetle, whose numerous broods have worked such destruction in recent years, the importance of thick and successional sowing of seed, of dressing the seed before sowing, of applying dressings during dew, etc., have been strongly urged. But two points come out prominently above all in the matter of dealing with insects; namely, the value of good cultivation of the ground, especially in autumn, and the immense benefit of giving plants a good start, and strengthening them in every possible way before they are attacked. Ground allowed to grow what weeds it may, hedge rows encroaching and disturbing multitudes of seeds in their neighborhood, soil unkept and ragged during autumn and winter, are signs of agricultural carelessness. They remind us of human wastrels, now not so frequent as formerly in our great cities, unkempt, ragged, and uncared for, becoming necessarily prolific in vice and evil. By good autumn work a farmer may expose to cold and insure the death of many insect larvæ and chrysalids in their winter retreats, which are very often beneath the surface of the soil. And a good start in life frequently makes all the difference to plants as to men. Emphatically, it pays to have good seed rather than cheap seed, which is too often inferior seed, whose price is simply so much dead loss. A week's earlier maturity of vigorous seed sometimes amounts to a gain of a whole crop. The same principles which are applied to the most successful stock-breeding must be employed in the cultivation of crops. Crossing, selection, food and manure, the keeping down of enemies as far as possible, are the principal matters to be attended to; and it is by the steady adherence to sound principles of agriculture by enlightened care and perseverance, that success is to be attained now, as ever, in the extraction of crops to the best advantage from the soil. In the admitted fact that farmers have not yet learnt all that science has to teach them, will be found a pithy lesson and warning which should be taken to heart.—*Land and Water.*

Winter Care of Live Stock.

There are a few general rules for the care of live stock in winter, which are of universel application:

First.—They should lie dry, whether bedded or not. A dry floor is far better than wet bedding. Spar or slat floors, through which urine will quickly pass, and which give the animals a level standing place, are especially to be advised. A good degree of comfort may be had on such floors, but a full supply of dry litter—straw, leaves, swamp hay, etc.—certainly makes all kinds of stock more comfortable.

Second.—Shelter saves fodder, wherever lumber can be easily obtained, to a degree that few practical men are aware of. The warmer the stables are, the better, except perhaps for sheep. But with close, warm stables, it is essential that the manure heap should be where it will not contaminate the air, and that there should be perfect ventilation, so arranged as not to cause drafts of air.

Third.—As to feed. This should be given with the utmost regularity and uniformity—never more than will be all eaten up long before the next feeding time. Then the animals have an appetite for their food, so that coarse fodder may be first given, to be followed with better, and by grain in some form, if this be a part of the daily ration. This is no doubt an economical system, securing the least waste and best digestion of all kinds of fodder used in the ordinary way.

Fourth.—Grooming and care of the animals are a most valuable means of keeping them in health as well as of saving feed. The skin of an animal existing in a state of nature is washed by every shower, brushed and carded by every bush, licked by its mates, rubbed by the ground in rolling, and in various ways kept free from accumulations of its own exfoliations, from the stoppage of its pores by sweat, and from its own inherent dirt. A healthy skin means warmth, health, life and vigor, other things being about right, and we can secure this in horses and cattle only by grooming. A straw brush, made by twisting up a thick rope of straw, until it becomes very hard and inclined to kink, then doubling it and twisting it into a stiff mass a foot or eighteen inches long perhaps, with the ends tucked and fastened, will do a deal of rubbing before it goes to pieces, and is for purposes of friction, rubbing off mud, etc., better than any other brush. Clean skins are just as important for cows as for horses, and the use of the brush is recommended in the cattle stalls.

Fifth.—Sunshine. Fresh air and sunshine are health-giving and invigorating principles and not one of our living dependents should be without them. In the thorough ventilation recommended, good air is provided for, nevertheless all well fed animals enjoy and are the better for air breathed out of doors even on our coldest days, and a sun-bath of an hour or two is of the highest value. Stables should be constructed with reference to sunlight, and long narrow wings for stables, both for horses and cattle, have in this particular a great advantage over basement stables under the whole barn, as the former may have windows for the admission of sunlight and air throughout their entire length.

Sixth.—Give all animals free access to salt. With plenty of feed, horses and sheep will stand any degree of dry cold incident to the climate of the United States and Canada. Neat cattle need more protection, and it is really cruel to expose them unprotected to winter weather. Swine need thoroughly warm dry quarters in winter, and will hardly survive exposure such as other domestic animals will bear perfectly well. So with poultry—while turkeys will bear the severest storms and cold roosting in the most exposed positions, fowls seek shelter either of thick evergreens, or houses, and ducks and geese the protection of the manure pile or the hay stack. In sheltering all animals and poultry, which we do from motives of economy, it is well to bear in mind their natural instincts, that those which need it most are best protected.—*American Agriculturist.*

A Session of the Supreme Court.

When twelve o'clock comes, there are perhaps a dozen lawyers sitting at the tables within the bar, and a score of spectators waiting on the crimson plush sofas for the court to open. A rustle of silk is heard from the open door leading to the retiring-rooms. At the other side of the chamber sits a young man at a desk, who has been listening for a few minutes for that sound. He rises, and announces in a clear voice: "The Honorable the Chief-Justice and Associate-Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States," whereupon lawyers and spectators all get on their feet. The rustling sound approaches, and there enters a procession of nine dignified old men, clad in black silk gowns that reach almost to their feet, with wide sleeves and ample skirts. At the head walks the Chief-Justice, and the others follow in the order of their length of service in the court. They stand a moment in front of their chairs, and all bow at once to the bar. The lawyers return the salute; then the judges sit down, the Associates being careful, however, not to occupy their chairs before the Chief-Justice is settled in his. Now the young man, who is the crier, exclaims in a monotonous fashion:

"Oyez! oyez! oyez! All persons having business before the Honorable Supreme Court of the United States are admonished to draw near and give their attention, for the court is now sitting. God save the United States and this honorable court!"

Business begins promptly and is dispatched rapidly. First, motions are heard, then the docket is taken up. The Chief-Justice calls the case in order in a quiet tone, and a lawyer is on the floor making an argument, while you are still expecting that there will be some further formality attending the opening of so august a tribunal.

The proceedings are impressive only from their simplicity. Usually the arguments of counsel are delivered in low, conversational tones. Often the judges interrupt to ask questions. In patent cases, models of machinery are frequently used to illustrate an argument, and are handed up to the judges for examination, or a blackboard is used for diagrams. Were it not for the gray hair and black gowns of the judges, you might almost imagine at times that the gentleman at the blackboard, with crayon in hand, was a college professor lecturing to a class. Or you may happen in when a lawyer in charge of a case is leaning over the long desk in front of the judges, holding a conversation with one of them on some intricate point in a mechanical device, and you would hardly think that the court was in session and that the conversation was the plea in a patent case involving perhaps a million of dollars.

The bench has long been only a tradition in all our courts. Each justice of the Supreme Court has a chair to suit his own notions of what constitutes a comfortable seat. Some of the chairs have high backs to rest the head, some have low backs; some have horse-hair cushions, some velvet, some no cushion at all. Chief-Justice Waite sits in the middle of the row.—*The Century.*

—A Texas steer made a rush for a Chicago girl and found nothing but thin air. She had jumped a four-foot fence.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A writer in *Temple Bar* says that the "most unobtrusively well behaved man toward woman is a well-bred American."

Blindness and Ghosts.

We hear of marvellous ghost stories, more or less well authenticated; and some time ago one of our newspapers teemed with records of ghostly personal experiences, any one of which almost might serve to illustrate my notion. But without selecting any special one, let us take the gist of what a class of these point to—the commonest class—that is, where some beloved one, far away, appears, so to speak, *in propria persona*, and in more or less substantial form, of course to the intense astonishment and terror, to use the mildest term, of the witness. Later on it is discovered that this beloved one has at that identical moment been in great peril of his or her life, or has actually died. This, I say, is the pith of the commonest sort of ghost story, and has formed the basis of many popular traditions, novels, and dramas, that of the "Corsican Brothers" being a notable example; and, in a way, its very commoness seems to make it confirmatory of what few people doubt—viz., that the mind of one person may be under the sway of another, either through intense sympathy or love or through a superior strength of will, and which sway is not appreciably lessened by what we understand as physical distance. Given, then, the existence of this sway in some particular case of a seeing person, and where the natural conditions are favorable to him—favorable, that is, in that he is either ordinarily or temporarily, through a low state of health, nervous sensitive, and is, moreover, normally what is called a person who lives in the clouds—and it shall be quite possible for him, according to my notion, to pass into a mental state entirely consonant to that of the blind. Oblivious of all facts around him, wrapped up in his own thoughts—and which, if not consciously, are nevertheless tending toward the absent one whom he denominates or is dominated by, or between whom and himself there exists some sort of bond—he sits brooding or is lying in bed, when, hey, presto! he suddenly thinks he sees the absent one standing before him, palpably, unmistakably, and precisely as a blind man would do in similar circumstances.

Of course, the mental condition of both is not easy to define, but it is, I fancy, very much akin—much more so than we at first might think. To the blind man the presence would be a positive reality—as real, that is, as anything he ever sees; and if, in a way, the man not blind is reduced to the same condition for the time, as I feel inclined to insist he is, the ghost is as much a reality to the one as to the other; at any rate, it takes the same hold, making the same impressions and producing the same mental results. The only difference would be, when the first effect of the surprise, momentary or prolonged, had passed, the blind man would start to his feet, and, recalling himself, would find the vision replaced by some common tangible objects and the usual blank which is ever before him. The seeing one, would, with his true sight—by the exercise of his optic nerve—dispel the vision, and find it replaced by his ordinary surroundings, a consciousness of which he would recover instantly; but he would still assert that he had seen a ghost. And truly he has; but he has been blind while he saw it! His physical retina has been obscured as thoroughly as his blind brother's, but the "mental retina" has carried the truth home to the mind of each with equal force. In each case the ghost has existed—has been created—within themselves; and if it be a variety to the blind, as I have endeavored to show it is, why should it not be to the seeing? It has been built up out of a previously acquired knowledge of the reality, the impress of which is mysteriously but indelibly graven on some of those tablets of the sensations called memory, and which we carry about with us without thinking of them, because, as is said, they take up so little room. These deeply imprinted characters have leaped suddenly into a sort of definite shape and meaning, when summoned by circumstances accidentally but imperceptibly associated with them, and have become the ghost of their original form and substance.—*London Society.*

Whales and Whalebones.

The Polar whale, or Bowhead, is not the largest of this Brobdignagian family, though the king of Swift's land of giants would not have thought it small. A very large individual may attain a length of sixty-five feet, but average specimens fall short of fifty; and though some have been known to yield as much as 275 barrels of oil and a ton and three-quarters of baleen, an average whale does not yield half these amounts. The flukes of the tail are nineteen or twenty feet across. Rather more than one-third of the total length is occupied by the head, and the great mouth reaches nearly to the occiput. The Right whale of the Northwest (Balæna sieboldii) averages sixty feet in length when grown, and occasionally reaches seventy, is almost as productive in oil as the Bowhead, and yields from a half to three-quarters of a ton of whalebone.

The Humpback (Megaptara variabilis) is the equal in size of the two preceding, but yields far less oil and baleen. In shape it is even more ungainly than the Bowhead, the hump upon its back, the warts upon its head combining to add to its ugliness. The pectorals of this species are very large, often more than one-fourth of the total length. Smaller than any of these is the migratory or California gray whale (Rhachianectes glaucas), a comparatively graceful creature, some forty-two feet long, that swims southward along the coast in autumn, breeds in the lower lagoons of Lower California, and goes northward in the spring. All along the coast whaling stations are established for the slaughter of this whale, which has in consequence become scarcer and more timid as it has learned by experience the danger of coming too near to shore.

The Fin-back of the Pacific (Balœnoptera oxlifera) reaches a length of sixty-five feet, and the Razor-back or the Atlantic (B. musculus) approaches seventy, but from their strength and swiftness, as well as from the small quantity of baleen in their jaws, they are not greatly sought for by the whalemen. Still larger is the immense Sulphur bottom (Sibbaldius sulfureus), whose gracefully-shaped body measures from ninety-five to one hundred feet in length, and whose activity and strength are such that he has seldom been taken, save with the bomb-gun. While the genus Balænoptera and its near allies contains the largest of whales, it includes also a veritable pigmy some twenty-five feet in length.

It may have seemed strange to those who have thought upon the matter that so huge a creature as a whale should perish by wounds inflicted by harpoons and lances wielded by the weak arms of a man. Such weapons would avail a man but little in combat with the much smaller elephant or rhinoceros. But the structure and habits of the whale furnish the explanation. The arteries and veins are, in various parts of the body, spread out into a complex network at no very great distance from the surface, especially between the ribs and in and around the thorax. These labyrinths of blood vessels form a reservoir of blood, needful to the creature during its stay below the surface. The whalemen know these "vitals" and strike for them with the lance, producing a hemorrhage greatly in excess of that which would be produced from other animals by a similar wound. The bleeding from wounds by a lance or harpoon is vastly increased by the habit of descending when struck, as the pressure of the heavy volume of water forces out the blood in quantities that prove rapidly fatal.

Among the peculiarities of the whale's structure may be mentioned the immovably fixed fleshy tongue, filling the cavity of the mouth, and the complex stomach, divided into four compartments; and thus, though the animals are carniverous, resembling greatly the herbivorous ruminants. The pectorals answer to the fore limbs of other mammals, and though destitute externally of nails or division into fingers, have a skeleton structure not very greatly differing from that of a carnivorous land animal. On the other hand, all that is left of the hind limbs is two small bones that are buried beneath the flesh, and the whale depends for progression chiefly upon the powerful horizontal tail.

The only creature that has been proved to be in the habit of attacking or killing the whale is the terrible Orca, or Killer, a cetacean fifteen or twenty feet long, and, therefore, not more than a thirteenth of the bulk of a large Bowhead, or Humpback, but furnished with numerous large, strong conical teeth in both jaws. Three or four of these creatures have been seen to attack the largest whales, which frequently make no effort to escape, but seem paralyzed by fear. It appears more than doubtful whether the swordfish is in the habit of attacking the whale, as it would certainly be unable to complete its destruction; but as this quarrelsome fish will run its sword into a vessel's side, it may occasionally fall foul of a whale. The "thresher" shark, which is popularly said to aid the swordfish by striking the whale with its long tail, could certainly only dissipate its own strength by the operation; and Capt. Scammon thinks the story may have arisen from the habit of striking each other with their pectorals, indulged in by the humpbacks, and, possibly, by other species of whales.

Whalebone, once greatly in demand for the manufacture of the ribs of umbrellas and for insertion in some of the mysterious and injurious bone-bending and muscle-confining articles which women consider an essential part of their costume, was superseded by steel for these purposes, and for some time was comparatively worthless, so that whalers with a tolerably full cargo, would cut away the head of a whale altogether. But recently it has been found that no better material for the seating of chairs and the covering of cushions, as well as the stuffing, can be found than the fibre of whalebone; while the abundance and qualities of kerosene have driven whale oil out of the market as an illuminating agent; so that at the present time a whaler's profits lie almost entirely in the head of the animal, and the body is neglected at the end of a successful cruise.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Origin of Life.

Men of science may amuse themselves by speaking of life being brought to the earth by the arrival of a meteor, in reality a fragment of some once peopled world which has been destroyed by conflict with another or by internal disturbance. But this is more a scientific jest than a grave reality. Astronomy knows nothing of worlds coming into conflict. On the contrary, the laws of motion assure us that if anything is so unlikely that it may be regarded as absoutely impossible, it is the encounter of two orbs in mid space; nor have we any reason to suppose that a planet can be rent into fragments by internal convulsions. If we had, we have not the slightest reason for supposing that orbs thus unfortunate would be more likely to be inhabited than their more luck fellow worlds. If these were inhabited already, we gain nothing by bringing to them the fragments of other worlds which have exploded: and if they were not inhabited, while the burst or shattered worlds were, we are called on to imagine (for not one can believe) the absurdity that only inhabited worlds are liable to destructino, for the benefit of those which are without inhabitants. To which absurdity this aditional one is superadded, that the seeds of life would survive the destruction of their planet home, and the journeying through millions on millions of years (rather millions of millions) which science assures us they would have to make through the cold of interstellar space before they would fall on any other world. And all these adsurdities to no purpose, so far as the origin of life is concerned, for they take us back but a step, which brings us in reality no nearer to all life.—*Prof. Proctor, in Belgravia.*

—*Progress* says etiquette has never determined whether, in eating soup, "the point or the side of the spoon should go into the mouth." Many people overcome the difficulty by putting the entire spoon in the mouth; and the soup, no doubt, tastes just as good as if they had only inserted the point of the utensil.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A Philadelphia bird fancier says: "You can tame a canary inside of six hours by depriving it of food for that length of time, and then putting your hand filled with seed into the cage. Repeat this at intervals, and the bird will soon become tame enough to fly about the room and come to you when you whistle for it."